

# FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

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'Twas the first rose of summer that smiled on the morn,  
And blushed through the trees as the earliest born ;  
It peep'd through the foliage encircled with dew,  
Unrivall'd in beauty, for flowers were few.

All hail to that rosebud, the first of its kind,  
May it never be cull'd, ee'n a fair brow to bind,  
Let it bloom in its beauty, for short is its stay,  
And when others appear, it will wither away.  
Let it bloom in its beauty, for short is its stay,  
When others appear, it will wither away.

Oh, the summer may come with its myriad flowers,  
To hang on the shrubs and adorn the bright bowers,  
But tho' grander far be the hues of the rest,  
The first rose of summer will still be the best.

All hail to that rosebud the first of its kind,  
May it never be cull'd, e'en a fair brow to bind.  
Let it bloom in its beauty, for short is its stay,  
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